

Mother's Here's How To Smash That Match

BY DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

A woman writes me that her daughter is in love with a man of whom she highly disapproves, and she wants to know how she can break off the match for the girl is determined to marry her unsuitable suitor.

Of course the only reliable method of preventing an undesirable marriage is to instill cupid, and prevent young people from falling in love with the wrong parties. It's a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and if parents are wise, they will do good at their hindmost in sentimental matters, they could save themselves and their children a great deal of trouble.

Quarantine your house. It is rigidly against beautiful girls and fascinating young men that you do not wish your sons and daughters to marry, as you would against an epidemic. Keep your young people as far as possible from associating with those whom you would not welcome as sons and daughters-in-law. Follow these rules and you are reasonably safe from having to interfere in your children's love affairs.

But there are times when all rules fail, and all precautions are vain, and when fathers and mothers are forced to nip some youthful fancy in the bud to save their children from the folly of wrecking their lives by making disastrous marriages.

The great difficulty about doing this is that when boys and girls are in love, or think they are in love, they are temporarily insane and beyond the reach of reason. They can be argued with, but because they have lost all judgment and all perspective on life. They may advise that the arguments you adduce against their marrying the individual they want to marry would be cogent in other cases, but they are convinced that their own case are exceptions.

Their Angles. John will agree that for an educated, cultivated gentleman to marry a trower, uneducated woman is to court misfortune, but he is sure that in his case marriage with any other girl is a disaster, and that if he marries a trower, it will bring her nothing but domestic bliss.

It will further difficulty is that love thrives on difficulties, and there is no surer way to make a match than to oppose it. In their anxiety and their belief that the danger that threatens their beloved child, parents are nearly always betrayed into the fatal step of making a match that is sure to break off. Therefore, you wish to break off a match never openly oppose it, for that puts the youngsters' backs up, and makes them determined to assert their independence, and show that they are not children to be dictated to. Neither be guilty of continually harping upon the undesired match, and making the child of the one of whom he is enamored, and not of the one he loves, but every charm and good quality, but manufacture additional ones to justify his choice.

There are, however, many ways of showing a cat except upon butter. You will recall that the wily old Major Pennington, when he was about to break off the match between his nephew and a fascinating, but blowsy actress, murmured to his wife: "I see she spells 'deception' with a 'd'." Lovely creature, lovely creature.

But that one "d" did for Arthur what his mother's tears and entreaties and prayers had not been able to do.

The Mother's Scheme. A certain mother whose young son imagined himself in love with a very common girl was aghast when the boy announced his choice of wife. She did not bat an eye, however, when he delivered the blow that dashed all of her hopes for him to the ground.

"Whatever is for your happiness is for mine," she said. "Bring Willabella to stay with me at once." Joyous mother brought Willabella, but prudent mother had filled the house with the most beautiful and charming girls of her acquaintance, and when the boy saw Willabella against his background instead of her own, the scales fell from his eyes and he was disenchanted.

He perceived what no argument could have convinced him of—that he would be eternally ashamed of her, that they had nothing in common, that she did not belong to his world. She did not even know how to hold her fork or eat soup. Still less how to dress or talk like a gentleman. And Willabella was as bored as a boy and glad enough to return to her own kind.

Another mother who has saved several of her children from making foolish marriages, claims that there is no other such cure for love sickness as giving the couple an overdose of each other's society. Especially in hot weather. She avers that three days of uninterrupted talking will break up any match.

Still another mother, whose daughter was fascinated by an undesirable suitor, brought her batteries to bear upon the man instead of the girl.

"It is such a comfort to me to think of Maud marrying a man who will cherish her as I'm sure you will," mother confided in him. "For Maud isn't at all strong and couldn't possibly attend much to the housekeeping, or worry over the prices of things as so many men expect their wives to do, and it would be quite out of the question for her to do such a thing as cook."

"In fact, she doesn't know the first thing about any housework, or sewing, or anything of that sort. I am afraid I have rather spoiled her by always letting her have her breakfast laid. And the dear child is so extravagant. Really her bills are something awful. I know you will want to induce her in everything. And you are so patient, and Maud has such a quick temper, though she has the best heart in the world and never means the dreadful things she says when she is angry."

But, somehow, after this little confidence, mother says the man seemed willing not to be her son-in-law. These few suggestions are offered for

Consider Man

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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Of course, woman has always been the human paradox—the baffling, incomprehensible, inscrutable riddle-of-the-ages. And yet—there are just a few things that every woman would like to know about a man:

Why he always leaves a tea cup, a glass, a priceless piece of bric-a-brac, and even his favorite moustache on the exact edge of a table?

Why he will spend three-quarters of a perfect day looking for something that he doesn't put it back on the shelf?

Why it annoys him to be called a "man," but delights and flatters him to be called a "devil"?

Why he can remember the exact date on which he caught a certain six-pot bass, and the precise minute, day, hour and year, on which he made the last hole with a certain marvelous stroke—yet can't remember the date of his wedding anniversary in his head for 12 whole months?

Why he will run away from a woman he loves, for fear of becoming entangled—and run after a woman he doesn't love until she trips him up and marries him?

Why he would rather drop his cigar ashes on the prayer rug, in the baby's milk, behind the piano, on the sensitive plant, in his coffee cup—or anywhere on earth than into the ash tray at his elbow?

Why he will work like a demon for six months in order to pay off a debt, and then stick the check in his pocket and forget to mail it for a whole week?

Why he will forgive a woman for making a fool of herself over any man on a date—except himself?

Why he considers that before marriage a woman's love must be cultivated and cherished like an orchid—but after marriage it will flourish on an air plant on her own imagination?

Why he will nonchalantly pass over a girl for another, who might be a fool of herself over any man on a date—except himself?

Why he considers that before marriage a woman's love must be cultivated and cherished like an orchid—but after marriage it will flourish on an air plant on her own imagination?

Why he will go to the ends of the earth for love for a woman, and then turn his back on her when she is in the world she needs him?

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ROUGH STRAW IS HIGHLY FAVORED, PARTICULARLY IN SMALL HATS



Tough straws are having great vogue this season and there is nothing more smart or stylish than the small turban or toque of some rough novelty straw. Here is a little suit full of brown straw which resembles very much the pineapple braid of last season.

Women of Today

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

Miss Helen Scott Hay, of Savannah, Ill., formerly chief nurse of the Red Cross commission to the Balkans, has been appointed chief nurse of the American Red Cross commission to Europe.

As chief nurse of the Red Cross commission to Europe Miss Hay will have charge of all Red Cross nursing activities in Poland, the Balkans, Czechoslovakia and France. She succeeds Miss Alice Fitzgerald, of Baltimore, Md., who is now chief of the division of nursing, League of Red Cross societies, Geneva.

Mrs. Anna Labor Burdick, special agent for trade and industrial education for girls and women of the federal board for vocational education, and for the course of her investigations by Mrs. Burdick, who says:

"Women's small and agile hands are especially adapted to the work of certain industries. Women are needed in garment and hat work, the hosiery industry, and as seamstresses. The expansion of the hosiery knitting and garment-making industries is limited only by the number of available hands."

"Women make and assemble the delicate parts of adding machines, electric appliances, electric light equipment and appliances. In 1915 five-eighths of the employees of the Walling Watch factory were women."

Gladiatorial combats were not abolished until 500 A. D.

READER AGREES WITH ANSWER OF FEB. 20

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I read your column every day and I wish to let you know how thoroughly I agree with you in your answer of Friday, Feb. 20, in which you advised "Mrs. W. W. B." to engage a servant instead of attempting to adopt an orphan to do her work.

I think it was fine of you to tell her what you thought and here's what I think about her. She is a lazy woman who has become tired of working and she wishes to engage someone else to labor for her without pay, while she feigns sickness.

I will appreciate it if you will print my little letter as I am sure there are some folks who think the way I do. Thanking you, I am, MRS. HUGH C. JR.

LONG SHOT DOCTOR. A famous jockey was taken suddenly ill and the trainer advised him to visit a doctor in the town.

"He'll put you right in a jiffy," he said.

The same evening he found Benjamin lying curled up in the stable, kicking his legs about in agony.

"Hello, Benny! Haven't you been to the doctor?"

"Well, didn't he do you any good?"

"I don't go in. When I got to his house there was a brass plate on his door—'Dr. Kurem. Ten to One.'—I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that!"

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL.

Facts about your name, its history, its meaning, whence it was derived, its significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

GEORGIA.

Georgia has a deeply religious origin among the Maritime Christians who have a tradition that Georgia was a Christian saint of the twelfth century who was confined at the escape of St. Paul when he was let down in the basket, and was therefore not to death.

Georgia was a Cappadocian saint and martyr in whose honor the Emperor Constantine erected a church at Byzantium. Throughout all eastern church history Georgia appears as a saint, martyr or hero until finally the famous St. George of the Dragon legend became renowned in England.

Curiously enough, though Georgia penetrated every corner of the West, being adopted by England, France, Hungary and Germany, the feminine is a modernism. It was until comparatively recent years that Anne of Denmark was instrumental in having a girlchild of hers christened Georgia Anna.

She was the first English Georgia, though the name is said to have existed previously on the continent. It is possible that this same Georgia Anna coupled her two names for the sake of euphony and the source for the Georgia which is now so popular in all English-speaking countries.

The French adopted Georgia, but quickly changed her to Georgine and Georgette. Germany liked Georgia and took her over, making her one of her most popular feminine names. England has a form Georgia and Portugal is responsible for the Georgia which is now so popular in all English-speaking countries.

Georgia is a talismanic name, the bloodstone, which has strong therapeutic powers and not only preserves its wearer from danger and disease, but it is said to be a curative in hemorrhages and other disturbances of the blood. Tuesday is her lucky day and her lucky number. The violet, signifying modesty, is her flower.

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Widow Denies She "Vamps" Her Friends

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young widow, aged 26, and lonely. Young men friends appeal to me, but if I am the least bit nice they immediately think I am trying to "vamp" them. Sometimes they are a bit fresh and that ends our acquaintance. This hurts me and I wish to know the reason they act this way. I am considered ladylike and am modest and intelligent. V.

Some men have the wrong idea about widows. They believe them gay or very anxious to marry. It is all untrue. Of course, because most widows sigh: "Never again!"

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 20 years of age and have been married for three years. We have two children, a boy aged 2, and a girl of five months. For some time I have stayed at home and I have had but one dress since the first of August. I do all the work and need a pair of shoes badly. My husband cures and shames and I am tired of it all.

Why not cook a very tempting meal? Coax someone to keep the children for the evening and ask your husband to take you to the movies. Fled a man first, flatter him next and ask for pocket change last. In case he refuses, feed him again, get him brassy and then you'll succeed in landing the money. A little primping goes a long way also.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I'm a mother of two small boys and my age is 30 years. Recently the postman brought my husband a letter addressed to his former office, but forwarded to his home. It was from a Memphis woman and she called my husband her "black-eyed baby" and requested him to send her some furniture at once.

I have always tried to make our home pleasant and have managed as best I could, although my husband is always on the verge of leaving me, and we are always in debt.

Give my husband and adore our children. Give my men he came home.

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UNCLE WIGGLY AND SAMMIE'S SNOW HOUSE

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Come on, boys! Come on! Everybody pile up a lot of snow and we'll make a big one!"

Sammie Littlefield, the boy rabbit, was hopping around in his yard with a snow shovel over one shoulder. Johnnie and Billy Bushytail, the squirrels, were skipping here and there with their red mittens on, piling up snowballs in round heaps. Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, ran here and there barking and flipping the snow all around.

"Everybody's got to help!" cried Sammie.

"What are you going to make—a snowman?" asked Uncle Wiggly, the old rabbit gentleman, as he hopped down to join the fun. He had just been having a good time for six weeks, having been to the five and six-cent store for Mrs. Littlefield, to get her a pound of yeast cakes for supper.

"I wonder if Uncle Wiggly will play any jokes or tricks," whispered Jackie to Sammie, as the snow playhouse was almost finished.

"What kind of tricks?" asked the boy rabbit.

"Oh, a trick such as he played when he fired up your sister's dollhouse. He had Squeaky-Eekie, the cousin mouse, dress up like a doll and pretend she was alive," said Jackie. "That kind of a joke."

"I don't believe he'll do anything like that," laughed Sammie. "But he never can tell. Now, boys," he cried, "we'll put the roof on the snow house and it will be finished so we can play in it."

"That's right," said Uncle Wiggly. They all worked fast, and soon the snow shelter was finished. Uncle Wiggly hurried back into the rabbit burrow, or underground house.

"I'll be back in a minute, boys!" he called over his shoulder.

Sammie and his friends looked at the snow house. They were just going to sit to play when, all of a sudden, they heard a gruff voice behind them asking:

"Where's Uncle Wiggly?"

Turning, they saw the unpleasant old Pipsaweh. There he was, as hungry as ever for rabbit ear soup. He asked: "Where's Uncle Wiggly?" asked the Pip in a grizzly-growly kitchen pantry sort of a voice.

"Uncle Wiggly will be out in just a minute, Mr. Pipsaweh. If you don't mind waiting this is a new playhouse he just helped us make, and he's coming out to have some fun with us in a minute—he said so, didn't he, fellows?"

"Yes," answered Sammie and the others, puzzled like. They wondered why Billie was so late to do his share.

"If you will just kindly step inside the playhouse and wait," went on the squirrel boy, with a low sweep of his big, bushy tail. "I'm sure Uncle Wiggly will be out shortly. Just step into the playhouse and wait," said Billie, the squirrel.

"I believe I will," growled the Pip. "It's cold standing out here, waiting for Uncle Wiggly. I agree. I'll go in, to hurry, as I want to get back home after I nibble his ears."

"I'll tell him," said Billie as the bad chap went inside the snow house through the door which had been cut in the side.

When the Pipsaweh was out of sight within the snow house all the other animal boys gathered around Billie and talked in excited whispers.

"What'd you want to send the Pip in there for?" they asked the squirrel chap. "Now we can't play in the snow house, and when Uncle Wiggly comes out the Pip will get him!"

"Oh, no he won't,"

"Why not?" asked Sammie.

"Because," chattered Billie, "we'll fill the door and window of the playhouse full of snow and shut the door. The Pip won't get in. Then he can't get out and he'll freeze fast and we can get a policeman down after him!"

"Oh, so we can!" cried the other animal boys. Quickly they gathered around the Pipsaweh and began tossing and shoveling snow against the open door and window.

"Is that you, Uncle Wiggly?" called the Pip from inside. "Hurry up I want your soup!"

"The animal boys answered never a word. But they kept tossing snow until at last the Pipsaweh was shut tight fast inside the playhouse.

"Let me out!" Let me out!" he cried when he saw what had happened. But let him out? I should say not! They piled more snow on top of the roof and the Pip was frozen fast inside. Then, when Uncle Wiggly came out with some hot crullers which he had asked Nurse Jane to make for the animal boys, the rabbit gentleman was very glad to find the Pipsaweh caught as he was.

And it took the policeman dog an hour to dig out the bad chap and arrest him. So the Pip didn't get any soup that day, and Sammie and the boys and Mr. Longears made another snow house. But if the trolley car doesn't run off the track and leave the pussy cat's milk wagon up a tree, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly and Sammie's washing.

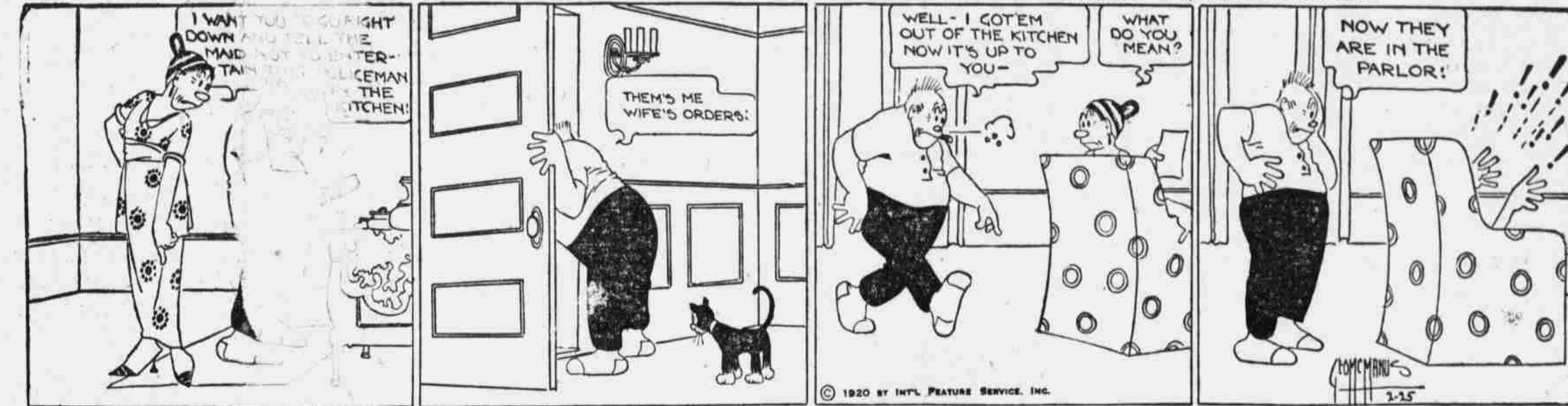
Johnson May Be New Ambassador

Recent word is that President Wilson will send to the senate the nomination of Robert Underwood Johnson, of New York, as the new ambassador to Italy.

The general importance attached to the nomination of Johnson makes the post a doubly responsible one. Johnson has been interested many years in Italian affairs. He is the originator of the Keats and Shelley memorial in Rome.

He is an editor and statesman of note. He has been secretary of the American Copyright League since 1888, and for many years in the cause of international copyright received an honorary A. M. degree from Yale and decorations of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor from France and cavalier of the crown of Italy. He has been interested in forest preservation and other similar movements.

R. U. Johnson.



MARY MIXUP—Well, Remember, Silence Is Golden



JOE CAR—If Anyone Else Had Said That—Wow



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